EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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CHILDREN AT CHURCH.

OUR artist has chosen a pleasing subject for his picture. We hardly know which one of the three sisters we should like best on further acquaintance. Little Ruth, with her hands clasped and her head leaned back, looks very lovable. She evidently means to behave well in sermon time, even if she cannot understand what the good minister is saying. Laura has been improving the time by reading a good book which her Sunday-school teacher gave her, and looks very much as if she had dropped asleep, — a thing which older people have sometimes been known to do at church. In Mary's gentle countenance we see that the preacher has at least one attentive hearer in that pew. Perhaps he would feel less discouraged at times, if he could only be sure there was one such listener in *every* pew!

WHAT the artist makes us all feel is that the place where these children are must be a good place for children to be in. It surely *is* such a place, if the rest of the pew is occupied by father and mother and the big brothers, if there are any in the family. For every house of prayer should have within its walls on Sunday an assembly of families. When the Hebrew Psalmist sang, "Let the *people* praise Thee, yea, let *all* the *people* praise Thee," he meant to include both young and old. So our New England poet had in mind the groups of *families* when he wrote, —

> "From humble tenements around
> Came up the pensive train,
> And in the church a blessing found
> Which filled their homes again."

The blessing that is taken home from the church service is often borne there by the children, whose tender hearts have been touched by the hymn or the prayer, if not by the sermon; and whose sense of the all-enfolding presence of that Loving One who is the Father of all the families of earth is made deeper and stronger by going up with the earthly father and mother to the house of God's praise.

SOMETIMES, too, the sermon reaches a child's mind when perhaps the preacher least suspects it. Little five-year-old Hal was a minister's son. On one occasion, when visiting an auntie in a neighboring town, he was taken by her to church. All through sermon time Hal kept his eyes on the preacher, whose mild, benevolent face seemed to have for the boy a special attraction. As soon as the discourse was ended, the little fellow put his hand into his pocket, drew forth a five-cent piece, his only spending money, and turning to his auntie whispered, "There, Auntie, I want you to give this to that minister; *he preaches a great deal better than my father!*"

YET it must be confessed that not every good preacher can preach well to children. Nor is it to be desired that every sermon should be level to a child's comprehension. A good story is told of a certain minister, who prided himself on the anecdotes which he used to tell in his discourses. He was once preaching on an exchange, when, noticing that several children who sat together in a certain part of the church seemed to be specially attentive, he proceeded to extemporize for their benefit some additional stories. As he came down from the desk after service, he remarked to one of the congregation, "I am glad to see so many children in your church. They all appeared greatly interested in my sermon to-day." "And well they might," was the reply. "*They are all from the Deaf and Dumb Asylum!*"

THE question whether children shall go to both Sunday-school and church appears to give some good people unnecessary trouble. No better use of three hours of Sunday can possibly be devised for our children, than to have them join, so far as they can, in the public worship of the church service, and drink into their young hearts the gracious influences of the hallowed place and hour; and then to go to their own service in the Sunday-school, and from the lips of a devoted teacher receive special instruction in those truths which are light and joy and comfort to the teachable soul. The *two* services, that of the church and that of the Sunday-school, are too little rather than too much for the moral and religious needs of children. Let them neglect neither.

THE GREAT LAW.

(Translated for EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, from the French of Émile Souvestre.)

BY O. H. H.

DURING the reign of one of the early French kings, when most of his subjects were still ignorant of the word of Christ, there lived an old man named Novaire, who had received the *good news*, and resolved to devote his life to its study.

Abandoning the guilty pleasures of the world, he withdrew to a solitary hill, in the vicinity of what is now Lillebonne, and there built himself a cabin of turf, in which he dwelt alone, his sole occupation being to elevate and exalt his mind.

Now, it happened that by the power of prayer and meditation, the veil which conceals the invisible world from men was lifted for Novaire, and the vistas of heaven allowed to appear, but he did not therefore lose the sight of earth. He distinguished at once the wonders of the apparent, and the marvels of the concealed, creation. His gaze wandered over the woods, the fields, and the waters; then, raising his eyes he saw the regions traversed by the messengers of God; and still beyond, the entrance to the celestial dwelling which the archangels guard. He heard at the same time the murmur of the streams, the voices of the cherubim, and the hosannas of the blessed at the foot of the eternal throne. Angels brought him food, and talked to him of many things unknown to men: thus the days glided by filled with delight. From associating only with pure spirits, all his earthly ambitions became gradually extinguished, as the pale stars disappear at the approach of the sun; and, proud that his intelligence was superior to the common comprehension, he wished to penetrate the secrets of God. In listening to all the sounds of life which form the eternal hymn of creation to the glory of the Creator, he constantly asked, "Why can I not understand what the birds say in their songs, the voices of the murmuring breeze, the buzzing insects, the moaning waves, the angels in their celestial hymns? I ought to be able to find in them the *great law* which rules the world."

But all the efforts of his mind to penetrate the mystery had been useless; he only grew hard and proud, for the cultivation of the intellect to the neglect of the heart is like the growth of the trees of the forest, which draw all the nourishment of the soil to themselves.

One day, when he had descended from the hill, which was covered with verdure, to cross the valley, now lying under the blight of winter, he saw approaching him a company of soldiers, who were conducting a criminal to execution; the peasants flocked about to see him pass, narrating with loud voices his crimes; but the convict laughed at them, and, far from showing any sign of repentance, seemed to glory in his sin. At length, as he drew near to the hermit, he suddenly stopped, and called out in a scoffing tone, —

"Come, holy man, and give the kiss of peace to one who is about to die."

But Novaire indignantly drew back.

"Go to your death, wretch. Pure lips should not defile themselves with the touch of one accursed."

The criminal silently went on his way, and the hermit, much disturbed, returned to his cabin. But on reaching it, he paused in astonishment. Everything was changed. The trees, which the presence of angels had kept clothed with eternal verdure, were stripped, and bare as those of the valley; there, where a few hours before glowed the brilliant colors of the eglantine, now glittered the repulsive snake, and the moss-covered rocks were dry and brown.

Novaire anxiously awaited the celestial messenger who brought him his daily food, that he might learn the reason for this change, but he came not; the invisible world was closed for Novaire, and he had relapsed into the miseries and the ignorance of humanity. He understood that he was punished by God, but knew not what sin he had committed. Yet he submitted without repining, and kneeling upon the ground, he cried, "Since I have offended Thee, O my Creator, I ought, as an atonement, to inflict upon myself a penance. To-day I shall abandon my solitude, and wander as a pilgrim through the world, taking no rest except at night, until Thou hast testified to me by a visible sign, that I have merited Thy forgiveness!"

With these words Novaire took his hermit's bell, his breviary with iron clasps, and his hollywood staff; he girded himself with a leathern cord, fastened his sandals, and casting a farewell glance upon the hill, he directed his steps towards the desolate peninsula known afterward by the name of Iesnetique.

In this country, which is to-day covered with farms, villages, and fields of grain, there was then not even a path, except those of wild beasts. He was obliged to ford rivers, cross bogs and marshes, and force his way through thickets, finding at long intervals a few poor dwellings, whence he was often driven by the inmates. But Novaire suffered with serenity all fatigue and privation. His only desire being his reconciliation with God, he met all trials with resignation, all obstacles with patience. Thus he reached at length the extreme limit of the peninsula, not far from the point where soon after the celebrated abbey of Iumieges was erected.

At that time the place was covered by a dense forest, where some pirates had concealed themselves, who, in their light wherries made of willow and covered with skins, attacked the vessels passing up and down the river loaded with precious merchandise.

One evening, as the hermit was hastening his steps that he might reach the shore, he came upon a clearing where four of the pirates were sitting around a fire of sticks. On seeing him, they ran towards him, and drawing him near their fire, proceeded to strip him of all his possessions. They took his bell, his book, his belt, and his robe; and seeing that he had nothing more, they deliberated as to whether they should let him go. But the leader, named Yoderick, suggested that they should keep him as their servant, to which the others agreed.

Novaire therefore was bound with three chains, one for his feet, one for his arms, and another about his body, and became the slave of the pirates. He was obliged to prepare their food, polish their arms, and row their boat, receiving no other recompense than blows and curses. Yoderick, more than the others, showed himself without pity, adding scoffs to his cruelty, asking the hermit constantly of what service to him was the power of his God.

But one day the four pirates attacked a bark which was descending the Seine, and in which they hoped to find a rich prize; but it happened instead to be transporting a company of archers, who met the pirates with a cloud of arrows, by which three of them were killed, and the fourth, who was Yoderick, received a severe wound in the breast.

Novaire then turned the wherry towards the shore, which he succeeded in reaching. He was free, and he could easily have fled, but he was seized with a holy compassion for those who had caused him so much suffering. He buried the dead, and then approached Yoderick. The pirate, judging Novaire by his own savage nature, and thinking that he was about to take his revenge, cried, "Kill me quick, but do not torture me."

But the hermit replied: "So far from desiring to take thy life, I would gladly save it at the price of my own."

Much amazed, and with emotion, the pirate said: "That is not in the power of any man, for I already feel the chill of death creeping about my heart; but if it is true that thou wouldst help me, notwithstanding all I have done to thee, give me a little water to quench my thirst."

Novaire ran to the nearest spring and brought some water, which he gave to the wounded man. Turning his eyes towards the hermit, Yoderick said, —

"Thou hast been kind to me who have been a great sinner; but wilt thou do one thing more, and give the kiss of peace to one so guilty?"

"Gladly," said Novaire, "and may it be to thee a benediction."

With these words he stooped over the pirate, who received the kiss of peace, and died.

At the same instant a voice was heard, saying these words: "Novaire, thy trial is over. God, who punished thee because thou hadst refused thy pity to the guilty, rewards thee because thou hast pardoned him who sinned against thee; all that thou hadst lost through thy hardness of heart, thou hast regained by thy charity. Raise, then, thine eyes, and lend thine ear, and thou shalt comprehend what all the voices of earth and air are saying."

The hermit, who had listened in silent amazement, raised his head. The trees, that had been stripped of their leaves by the winter's frost, were green again; the streams had burst their icy bonds, and hastened on their course to the sea; the birds sang in the blossoming hawthorn; while far above, in the heavens, angels passed and repassed, the archangels waved their flaming swords, and the saints sang celestial hymns. And all the sounds formed a chorus of these words: *Love one another!*

Then Novaire threw himself upon the ground and cried: "I thank Thee, O my Father, that Thou hast to-day taught me The Great Law!"

Golden-Text Stories. — No. 11.

HONEY JARS.

BY CARLE LIEMER.

Two boys about ten and eleven years of age stood under a tree with angry faces and clinched fists. They stood apart from their companions, one or two of whom shouted, first to one and then to the other, "Pitch in, Ted Sauter!" "Give it to him, Rob Lind!"

The two boys, glaring defiantly, were gradually approaching each other, when a little girl ran in between them, and looking at each with a curled lip, handed one a note. It was sealed and stamped, and directed to Ted Sauter. She did not say a

word as she ran away; but his fists unclinched and his attitude changed as he took and opened it.

Ted felt very important at having a letter brought to him at school; but when the stamp proved to be an old one pasted on, and only two lines were written inside, pride had a fall.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed angrily. "I thought it was something else."

"Let 's see," said Tom Forster, as he glanced over his friend's shoulder and read: "That is not the right kind of money to use. It is bad, and we hope it did not come from your money jar." Then followed five or six names.

"It must mean your pennies are weighted, and that 's the reason they come down heads every time," laughed Tom. "You have won ten cents straight ahead from Rob, according to your count."

"But not truly," put in Rob. "This last was unfair, and I 'd just as lief fight it out, too; for I made it heads myself this last time, and won. If I don't get that money back," he added, thoughtfully, "I shall either have to tell a lie when I get home, or tell the truth and take a flogging, for it does n't belong to me."

"That 's your own lookout," said Ted, coolly.

"Not if your money 's bad," returned Rob, with a threatening shake of the head.

"Pshaw! Let Tom look at my pennies. They are all right. Our Nell wrote this. It 's stuff."

"No, it is not either," said Tom. "Linda's name heads the list of signers, and she always means something."

"Any way, we can find out what they mean," rejoined Rob. "Come, boys."

Not far from where they stood, a group of five or six girls were talking in a subdued tone; and as the boys approached, they turned toward them.

"Why did you say my pennies were weighted," shouted Ted, exposing himself without meaning to. He knew perfectly well that throwing pennies was really gambling, and was forbidden both at home and at school; and he assumed a swaggering air of indignation to cover an inward shame.

"We did not mention pennies. We said your honey was bad," replied Linda Horsman, who was a general favorite. Her father was the richest man in town, and that, added to her own beauty and sweet ways, made every boy her sworn knight.

"I wrote that note," said Nellie Sauter, with a merry twinkle in her bright eyes, "because I happened to have the machinery, — pencil and paper, you know; and if I put money instead of honey, it must have been because I passed while you were playing, and got money in my mind; but it can't make such a great difference, it is only one letter."

"It made this difference," said Tom, laughing, "one letter stopped a fight; and I don't believe honey would have, for there would be no sense in that."

"Yes, there is a good deal of sense in honey," said Linda. "That shows you were not at Sunday-school yesterday, Tom Forster. A stranger addressed the school, and told us all about ants. He said a particular kind had been discovered lately in Africa, and they keep certain ones of their tribe for nothing but just to be honey jars. They fill them up tight with honey until they are swelled way out and can't hold another bit. I don't suppose they put them on shelves, as we do our jars, but I should think it would hurt them to move round much, so they must stay in one place."

"But what 's the good of it?" asked Tom.

"That is just the point, Tom. When storms and disasters come, and the workers can't go for food, these honey jars provide the tribe with nourishment. And this gentleman asked how many of us were willing to become honey jars in the world, to try to fill ourselves so full of what is pure and good, that sin will have less room in our hearts, and then in the little things of life we shall naturally cheer and gladden others, which is really a kind of moral nourishment, you know. It seemed lovely the way he said it."

"Yes, and we all raised our hands to show we 'd try, and Ted did, too, 'cause I saw him," said little May Brown.

"He has done a pretty mean thing now with his pennies," sneered Jim Post.

"Please don't speak that way," said Linda. "I don't think Ted would do anything mean after he stopped to think, would you, Ted?"

"No," exclaimed the boy, lifting his head erect and all the swagger gone. "Still Jim is right, it was mean; but I am sorry, Rob, and here are your ten cents."

"Three cheers for Ted Sauter!" cried the boys.

"Would n't it be fun," said Linda, "for all of us to enter into a compact to help and encourage each other and every one we can? And when we fail the others can call out 'Honey Jars' as a reminder."

"All right," said the boys, "and the one who fails the greatest number of times at the end of the month must pay a cent for each failure, and that can go in the poor-fund box."

The school-bell rang, and the children soon disappeared. But this little story of those African ants is working a good influence in the lesson that it taught one little group of boys and girls.

THE WINTER BIRD.

Thou sing'st alone on the bare, wintry bough,
As if spring with its leaves were around thee now;
And its voice that was heard in the laughing rill,
And the breeze as it whispered o'er meadow and hill,
Still fell on thine ear, as it murmured along
To join the sweet tide of thine own gushing song.
Sing on! though its sweetness was lost on the blast,
And the storm has not heeded thy song as it passed,
Yet its music awoke in a heart that was near
A thought whose remembrance will ever prove dear.
Though the brook may be frozen, though silent its voice,
And the gales through the meadows no longer rejoice,
Still I felt, as my ear caught thy glad note of glee,
That my heart in life's winter might carol like thee.

Jones Very.

I learned a lesson from a dog we had. My father used to put a bit of meat or biscuit on the floor near the dog, and say, "No;" and the dog knew he must not touch it. But he never looked at the meat. No; he seemed to feel that if he looked at it, the temptation was too great; so he looked steadily at my father's face. There's a lesson for us all. Never look at temptation. Always look away to the Master's face. — *Selected.*

The sweetest word in our language is *love;* the greatest word is *God;* the word expressing the shortest time is *now.* These three make the greatest and sweetest duty we can perform, — *Love God now.*

History and Biography.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

BY MRS. LUTHER KEENE.

Among Ruthie's Christmas gifts was a picture of a sweet-faced woman in simple dress, holding a tiny lamp in her left hand, which she carefully shades with her right. "Who is this sober lady, Auntie? What is she doing with her little light?" So Ruthie is told the story of the "Lady with the Lamp."

She was born about 1820 in Florence, the "City of Lilies," whose name she bears. Her parents were English, however, and her girlhood was spent in their beautiful English home, Lea Hurst, Derbyshire. As a child she always showed great distress at sight of suffering; and if any of the workmen in the mines or stone-quarries chanced to get hurt, Florence's hands were ready to bind up the wounds and give other comfort. The poor people used to say, "Our young lady is better than the doctor!" Mothers thought she used some kind of magic with their sick children.

By and by the "Lady" left her luxurious home, her Greek studies, and her painting, and went to a London hospital as nurse to sick governesses. Finding the place badly managed, she used her own money and gave her time and her thought to improve everything about her. She had already studied the system of nursing in Germany, living at one time with the "Sisters of Mercy," in an institution on the Rhine.

When the Crimean War broke out, England sent a large army to the East. Florence Nightingale begged to go to the front with her trained nurses. She arrived on the eve of a great battle, and we have all heard of her self-denying work for the wounded and dying on the battle-field and in hospitals. The poor soldiers in the hospital used to watch for her coming, as children for their mother; and the hardest among them would keep back their profane words when her step was heard. Some would turn on their pillows to kiss her shadow as it passed over their beds, when she glided with her lamp from ward to ward. At last she herself was struck down with fever; but she refused to leave her post, and as soon as able took up her work again.

When the war was over, she, to whom many a brave soldier owed his life, had lost her health, and she has now been for years an invalid. But her interest and labors for the suffering have never ceased. Her sick-room is a work-room. She has written many books on Sanitary Reform, and her "Notes on Nursing" is a treasured text-book from America to India. In a letter to a friend she says: "London has been my home for twenty-one years. Overwhelmed as I am with work, my health is necessarily bad; but I thank God who still gives me work to do for Him. I am a prisoner to my room, except when once a year I take my widowed mother to Lea Hurst, now no longer ours."

Queen Victoria gave Miss Nightingale a precious jewel in gratitude for her devotion to her countrymen; the people raised her a fund of fifty thousand pounds. The latter she devoted to a training-school for nurses; and the former, perhaps, is less precious to her than the love laid up for her in thousands of hearts, to whom she carried help on the dreadful battle-field or in the lonely hospital. But her most precious reward must be the words of the great Captain of our salvation: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me!"

Our Letter-Box.

We are very glad to give our readers another story written by a little girl; and as she is so young, being only eight and a half years old, and has done so well, we think the others will have to look to their laurels.

JOCKO. A STORY.

BY HELEN C. WILSON.

Jocko lived with his master in a little tumble-down shed. His master was an organ-grinder.

One day, as Jocko and his master were walking along, they came to a house. They stopped, and Jocko's master told him to get the pennies, and he let him down off the organ. Jocko ran up the house and put his head in an open window, where a little girl was playing. When she saw him she cried, —

"Oh, oh! a monkey! a monkey — oh, oh!"

And then she ran out of the room, leaving her doll behind her. The monkey, seeing the doll, jumped into the room, and picked it up and rocked it like a baby.

Then the organ man began to play on the organ. Meanwhile, all was not silent upstairs. The monkey was racing around, and had put the whole room out of order. Presently the servant came to make the beds; but when she saw the monkey, she exclaimed, —

"Oh, an' sure the little girl's doll, an' sure the monkey rocking it like a baby, an' the little girl's best doll, too!"

Then she began to scare the monkey out of the window. Just then he felt his string grow tight, and away he went, out of the window, and they went home.

That night the man got very sick. In the morning he could not get out of bed. The monkey did not know what to do. He ran to and fro, and at last he set out to go and see if he could find something to eat for his master. So he trotted out. He went into the first baker's shop he saw, and snatched a loaf of bread, and trotted back with it to his master, who ate some of it and then went to sleep. When he awoke he found he had enough bread and cake and cookies and candy to last him a week, but his monkey was gone.

Meanwhile, the monkey was travelling onward to a certain house where the mistress had been very kind to him. She gave him plenty of food, and then he climbed trees and trotted around a while, and then he trotted up to get some money. The lady gave him ten cents, and away he trotted to another house, where he earned twenty-five cents. That night he ran into a barn, and stayed there all night. In the morning he went into a baker's shop and snatched a loaf of bread, and ate his breakfast. Then he trotted off to earn some more money; and by the time it was night he had earned two dollars.

And so he kept on, day after day, earning money and stealing bread.

Quincy, Mass.

ENIGMA VIII.

My first is in satchel but not in bag;
My second is in cheer but not in flag;
My third is in day but not in night;
My fourth is in pluck but not in might;
My fifth is in stride but not in walk;
My sixth is in parrot but not in hawk;
My seventh is in clear but not in bright;
My eighth is in dark but not in light;
My ninth is in red but not in black;
My tenth is in feint but not in attack;
My whole is an eminent poet.

E. S. E., 13 years old.

Portland, Or.

ACROSTIC No. 2.

My first is a bird of gay plumage.
My second is a conjunction.
My third grows at the foot of trees.
My fourth was Samuel's teacher.
My fifth is a piece of money.
My sixth is a precious metal.
My seventh was a refuge for Noah.
My eighth turned into a serpent before Moses.
My ninth is a fruit.
My tenth is used in writing.
My eleventh is an animal like a deer.
My twelfth is a burden.
My thirteenth is the opposite of life.
My whole was a President of the United States.

M. H. K., 10 years old.

Fremont, Ill.

ENIGMA IX.

(Revised version used.)

My whole consists of 191 letters, and describes the interior decoration of a palace in Old Testament times.

My 85, 2, 119, 17, 21, 47, 162, is the name of such a palace.

My 11, 165, 187, 48, 44, 3, 8, 143, 137, was a famous Persian king.

My 150, 103, 123, 10, 167, 138, was his queen.

My 180, 14, 95, 176, 42, 5, 39, 22, 7, 179, 184, 9, is what caused her downfall.

My 191, 105, 155, 121, 173, 188, was a famous Jewess who was able to save her people from wholesale destruction.

The 46, 84, 78, 110, 49, 127, 122, 135, 28, 57, day of the month 37, 163, 134, 91, is kept as a feast by the Jews in commemoration of that event.

My 189, 55, 13, 1, 29, 109, 12, and 114, 24, 4, 53, 62, 57, were two chamberlains of the Persian king, who sought to kill him.

My 186, 131, 158, 171, 168, 117, 183, 166, was a Jew who revealed the plot and saved the king's life.

The 185, 100, 170, 130, 85, — 21, 118, 142, 95, 151, and 147, 99, 148, 96, 126, 141, 182, with a 25, 104, 128, 177, 146, were given to the Jew for his faithfulness.

My 115, 178, 152, 169, 154, was one who in plotting the destruction of an innocent man secured his own.

My 17, 161, 120, 185, 58, 190, 145, 83, 29, and 149, 62, 10, 159, 48, were signs of mourning with the Jews.

My 94, 74, 175, 139, 156, 6, 123, Haman built for his enemy, but used himself.

My 157, 92, 129, 56, 172, — 25, 44, 111, 86, 28, 105, was the height of it.

My 108, 125, 186, 78, 58, 103, 97, was a Persian prince who upheld Ahasuerus in his condemnation of the queen.

My 165, 116, 32, 187, 66, was the chamberlain of the women's department in the palace of Shushan.

My 167, 113, 93, — 155, 115, 27, 119, 137, 183, 75, 133, — 23, 149, 174, 89, 67, 49, 17, — 106, 64, — 48, 70, 132, 140, 82, 90, is what Haman promised to pay the king for the destruction of the Jews.

My 181, 59, 164, 72, 136, — 73, 30, 1, — 98, 63, 124, 71, is what Mordecai did that offended Haman.

My 117, 2, 33, 18, 51, 86, 58, 26, 35, 105, is the book read to the Persian king when he could not sleep.

My 61, 134, 112, 144, 57, 40, 38, and 96, 76, 74, 102, 22, 109, were two of the ten sons of Ahasuerus killed by the Jews.

My 37, 42, 55, 10, 109, 66, 101, was Esther's father.

My 11, 80, 77, 103, 60, 68, 87, — 40, 107, — 42, 81, 44, 52, — 96, 15, 53, — 6, 10, 55, 83, 45, with a 79, 84, 42, 9, — 40, 41, — 65, 55, 36, 34, — 69, 14, 51, 50, 97, and 77, 44, 79, 99, 43, 72, and my 58, 104, 84, 20, 93, — 18, 19, — 94, 106, 43, 39, describes the dress of Mordecai when he was high in the king's favor.

My 54, 92, 56, 115, — 65, 96, 88, 84, 60, shows how Ahasuerus regarded Esther.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 11.

Charade III. Sidon.

A Story Charade. Philadelphia.

Charade IV. Beer-Sheba.

Hidden Towns and Cities of Palestine.

1. Capernaum.
2. Ramoth-Gilead.
3. Bethsaida.
4. Damascus.
5. Magdala.
6. Beer-Sheba.
7. Sidon.
8. Dan.
9. Bethany.
10. Hebron.
11. Cæsarea.
12. Tiberias.
13. Cæsarea-Philippi.

For Youngest Readers.

THE RED CAPE.

BY EVELYN S. FOSTER.

"WHY do you keep this little faded cape so carefully, Mamma?" asked Edith Granger, holding up a small red silk garment which she had found in a bureau drawer, whose contents she was arranging for her mamma.

"Whenever I see that little cape," answered Mamma, "it always has something to say to me, and its words are so wise that I think I shall always keep it."

"How can a cape talk?" asked Edith, seating herself on a cricket beside her mother, her work for the moment forgotten.

"The first time I ever wore the little cape," began Mrs. Granger, "was one pleasant June Sunday, when I was just ten years old. Your grandma was away, and grandpa and I were going to church together."

"You must have looked pretty, Mamma, with your long brown curls and brown eyes."

"I was a very vain little girl that day as I walked to church. I thought of nothing but the red cape and my fine appearance. It seemed to me that no little girl among those whom I met on the way could look quite so well as I. When I walked into church my vain spirit was still with me. I wondered if the people were noticing what a lovely cape I had on. Even the bride, who sat in front, prettily dressed in blue, I thought had nothing quite so beautiful as that red cape. I did not listen to the sermon, I did not listen to the singing; I hardly crowded out my vain thoughts during the prayers."

"Oh, Mamma! It seems so strange to think you ever behaved like that," said Edith.

"I am sorry to remember that I did. When I reached home that day and went up to my room to take off my bonnet and cape, I found that I had worn the cape to church *wrong side out!* You notice the only seam is on the back, and the garment is so trimmed that the front looks well on either side. My foolish pride, as you can well imagine, had a sad fall."

"Poor Mamma!" said Edith, laughing.

"Now, the little cape always seems to say, 'My dear, do not be vain.'"

"You had better give it to me," said Edith, "for you are never vain now, and I am afraid I often am."

So Mamma gave the cape to Edith, who copied a little verse which she pinned upon the cape, and then hung it in a conspicuous place in her closet. She calls it her "Cure for Vanity."

This is the verse; it was written by the poet Burns: —

"O, wad some pow'r the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

JACK.

BY L. C.

JACK was a salamander, and he came to light in a strange sort of way.

A fine tree had been blown down by a storm; and as the men were digging to see whether it could not be set upright again, and so saved, they threw up spadefuls of earth from as much as eight feet below the surface of the ground. Out of one of these rolled a ball, formed of gravel and clay. "It is alive — it moves!" they all called out. So it did; and when it was broken open this pretty little fellow lay inside it.

The clay had formed a perfect mould with his every crease and wrinkle imprinted upon it. The poor little creature himself was stiff and sluggish, but the warm air soon revived him. He was about four inches long, shaped like a crocodile, and checkered all over like a crazy quilt, in a wonderful pattern of black and pearly-white. The spots were dull when he first came out of his ball, but they grew brighter and brighter until he became a really brilliant sight.

For a house to live in, we gave him a flower-pot half filled with clay, and covered with moss, which was kept beautifully green by an abundance of water. He soon learned to know his name, and, whenever we called "Jack, Jack," would push his square little head up out of the moss, looking for some dainty bit in the shape of a worm or fly. He would eat as many as twenty flies in a day, during the summer time; but as the cold weather came on refused to accept more than two or three.

At last he shut the lids down over his eyes and raised them no more, seemingly preparing for his long winter's sleep or hibernation; but he found his new home so comfortable that he evidently concluded it would be foolish to give up all its pleasures, and so compromised by keeping his eyes shut and passing the winter in a state of somewhat less activity than he had shown before. But he ate only four flies in as many months, and really seemed to thrive very well upon cold water alone.

In ancient times salamanders were believed to poison those who touched them, but they are most harmless and inoffensive creatures. It was also thought they were so icy cold that it was not only impossible to burn them, but that they would even put out the fire; while the fact is that this little fellow could not endure heat at all.

If he was held in the hand for but a minute or two, great drops of moisture would run down his sides, and he would pant, his mouth fall open, and his legs become too weak to support him, and we were obliged to throw him into a saucer of water at once. If his moss got dry or the room overwarm, he lost his good looks and grew dull and stupid. He did not like the light either, hiding from it under anything he could find.

In their natural state salamanders live in dark and wet places, and move abroad only at night in search of the slugs, worms, and insects upon which they feed.

Poor Jack came to a tragical end at last. He was gobbled up by a large white duck, from a plate of water in which he had been placed to recover from over-heating; and thus disappeared from our sight long before we had learned all we wished to know about him.

AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

BY SOLON F. WHITNEY.

Continued from page 90.

N my former article I left our steamer just clearing those huge icebergs that come ploughing their way down from the Arctic Ocean, impelled by the deeper currents which flow under these warmer surface currents now spreading out in their fan-shaped course towards the middle of the broad Atlantic.

Our ship, which looked so large before to Nellie and Robie, now seemed small beside these broad extending masses. But soon we clear the last appearance of ice, the water is warmer again, and we settle down to a feeling of loneliness as we gaze for hours around the whole horizon and scan carefully the waters in every direction for any sign of life, any whale or fish, any vessel, whether steamer or white-winged sail. How vast the ocean seems! Now for days we push on at the rate of nearly four hundred miles each twenty-four hours, and still there is the same unchanging level expanse, the same wild waste of billowy waters.

The regularly recurring sound of the gong for meals, the increasing interest in the varied courses at the tables, and the laughs and jokes and pleasant stories tend to break up for the children the days which otherwise would have been somewhat monotonous. Robie, although a thoughtful boy, is always ready for something new. He and Nellie rush forward with the rest one morning when just after breakfast they hear the cry "A whale! A whale! A whale off the lee-bow!" They are in time to see the tail splash as the whale disappears beneath the waters; and after waiting some fifteen minutes, which seem as many hours, they see him break water again some miles away. Now a steamer is seen far away towards the northern horizon, which through our glasses seems to be headed towards our distant homes. Nellie wonders if the flags which are run up to our peaks will tell her grandfather of our safety. Perhaps he will hear from us thus before we get across the ocean. How slowly the steamer seems to move, yet she soon disappears!

The children — who have followed for many an hour the graceful motions of the vessel as she rises and sinks into the blue waves, and have watched how pleased the sailors look when, having stretched aloft the large square sails, they return to the deck to feel the fresh impulse which these add to the throbbing of the huge engines below — come to have a vivid interest in all that belongs to the vessel.

Robie thought that the compass which is in front of the steersman did not indicate the same direction as the one at the other end of the deck. He was almost sure of it. He had for several days seen one of the officers climb to another compass quite high above the deck, and wondered what the curious sound could mean when the mates whistled to each other as they closely looked at the different compasses. He had learned about the variation of the needle in different regions, had read the story of the trouble Columbus had with his men when they first observed this variation as they were sailing westward into unknown seas; but why should these compasses on the same ship differ, and if they differed, which was correct? He was very glad, therefore, when the first officer, noticing his interested but puzzled look, tried to make him understand the difficulty.

If you place a small magnetic needle which is freely turning on a pivot, near a strong magnet, it will tend to turn in the opposite direction; that is, the north end of one will point in the direction of the south end of the other. If you lay a magnet on a floating card and hold another and more powerful magnet over or under it, the card will turn till the needle points in the same direction. Robie had learned that the earth is itself a great magnet. He knew that all iron when lying by the side of a powerful magnet becomes for the time magnetic. He also knew that an iron bar held with one end downward and toward the north is made magnetic to a certain degree by striking it smartly several times with a hammer. He was prepared, therefore, to understand, that when the iron ship was building, every piece of iron lying north and south was for the time made magnetic, and every blow of the hammer in riveting together the ribs or keel, or in fastening on the plates, tended to fix as it were the magnetism which was thus produced — *induced*, he had learned to say — by the magnetism of the earth. And then he saw how the whole vessel, made up of thousands of lesser magnets compacted so firmly together, became essentially one greater magnet. Why then should not the vessel itself, floating on a movable substance like water, tend constantly to turn to a north and south direction? And why, being a greater magnet, should it not tend to control the direction of all the magnetic needles on the vessel? When the direction of the force of the magnetism of the ship is the same as that of the earth, of course they act together, and the needle is right; but as all the time this direction continually changes, it disturbs the action of the compass needle. Robie could not understand everything that the chief officer told him about the navigation of the great ship, "which," he said, "is only a little larger than a small one," but he saw very clearly that each ship is different in some way from every other, and must be studied long and carefully before one can be said to know how to govern it. In what direction was the keel laid before the ship had as yet any form except in the mind of the builder? What blows were given her ribs and beams? It seemed to Robie that this mass of iron and steel was endowed with a character all her own, — the result of all her previous life. He asked if it were possible to tell from the action of the needles in different parts of the ship, what was the first direction of the keel. The officer said "Yes, with a sufficiently varied series of experiments."

"Would you know better how to account for any peculiarities, if you knew how and when the vessel was built?"

"Undoubtedly."

Then, as the *distance* from one magnet to another has a great influence on the amount of force exerted, — it being only one quarter as great at twice the distance, one ninth as great at three times the distance, one twenty-fifth as great at five times the distance, and so on, — this has always to be taken into account. It explains why one compass is raised so high above the vessel, that it may be controlled less by the ship, and report more exactly the effect of the earth's magnetism.

Moreover, some parts of the vessel stand erect, while others lie east and west, and others still run north and south. Now, while they are in these positions, only those that run north and

south are much affected by the magnetism of the earth. When these change their directions, their effects on the needles change. It is easy to see that the constant change in direction of the vessel, that is, the change in the inclination of the deck from pitching forward or rising high on some great wave, or again from rolling from side to side, exerts constantly changing effects.

Robie felt dazed by the endless changes arising from the combination of various elements, — each of which he thought he could in a measure understand, — until his respect for the men who could understand and control an iron steamship rose much higher than his consideration for their exalted position on the bridge, or their gold-trimmed uniforms; while his respect for the sailors' almost affectionate regard for their vessel, which led them always to use the feminine personal pronoun when speaking of her, was deepened by the sense which came over him of being in the presence and almost in the power of unseen and mysterious forces of nature.

"How about the screw working away down there behind the vessel out of sight?" Robie asked. He could see and understand, he said to the officer, how wheels on the side of the vessel would move her forward much like the wheels of a locomotive. The principal difference would be that the water would not remain as firmly in place as the rail, so that although the steamboat wheels turned more easily, yet they lost a part of the motion that they would have given the vessel by the *slipping back* of the water.

Well, the officer said that he had the whole matter in his mind. The screw, turning through wood or iron, would move forward at each turn just as far as the distance between the threads. The screw of our steamer, for instance, would push the vessel forward about thirty-three feet at each revolution. But because of the "slip" of the water, which was about five feet, it would actually push the vessel forward only about twenty-seven feet. "But the amount of this movement is constantly changing," he explained. In air there would be almost no forward motion. It would be almost all "slip." When the ship was lifted to near the top of the water, the "slip" would be greater than when the screw was plunged deep down in the denser water. This is why in storms, when the screw is now almost out of water and now so deep down that the water covers the stern, the force of the screw varies so greatly. "How necessary it is to know all about the vessel in order to direct her," said Robie, as he raised his cap and thanked the officer for his kindness in giving him so much information.

It was towards sunset of the seventh day when we saw the first land, — some rocks off the southwest coast of Ireland, then some hill-tops farther on that look down into the beautiful lakes of Killarney. We passed inside of Fastnet light about nine o'clock, when it was still light from the bright twilight, but it was nearly midnight before we anchored off the mouth of Queenstown harbor.

THRUSHES.

A FRIEND of mine was living at Southwell, England, when a gardener used to bring him in daily a number of thrushes, which he said were eating all his strawberries. "I don't believe it," said my friend; "I will come in and see." So in he went accordingly, and found the gardener, with gun in hand, ready to shoot a blackbird that had just dropped in among the strawberries. "Stop," said my friend, "let us see if it is as you say;" when presently the bird rose up with something in its mouth and flew over the wall into the adjoining grounds. "Now," said my friend, "let us go and see what he has got." They went and found the bird breaking a snail's shell. "There," said my friend, "you see it is the snails that eat your strawberries, and not the birds;" as a more careful examination subsequently proved. — *Selected.*

ESTHER AND THE FEAST OF PURIM.

(See Picture on page 101.)

ABOUT the time when this number of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY reaches its readers, the Jews will celebrate the annual return of one of their great feasts, — the so-called feast of Purim or the Lots. The great event in Jewish history which this feast commemorates is narrated in the Book of Esther, and we wish our young readers would turn to that book in the Old Testament and find out for themselves how this Feast of Purim originated. They will at the same time learn about some famous people, both Jews and Persians, Ahasuerus, Mordecai, Haman, and Hadassah or Esther. If any reader will send us a good *short* account of the history of Esther with his or her opinion of the chief characters who figure in it, we will print it in some future number of our paper. The portrait of the beautiful queen, which we give on page 101, is of course only an artist's idea of Esther's queenly appearance and royal apparel. But it makes more real to our minds the description which the Bible gives us of the lovely Jewish maiden who was in such a remarkable way raised to the exalted position of the queen of Persia.

The Book of Esther appears to have been written for the express purpose of explaining the origin of the popular Jewish feast called Purim. This feast is observed during three days, from the 13th to the 16th of the Jewish month Adar, that is, at the end of February and the beginning of March. The first day is a day of fasting. On the second day, or rather as soon as the stars begin to appear on the evening before, candles are lighted up in token of rejoicing, and the people assemble in their synagogues; the Book of Esther is read aloud, and when the reader comes to the name of Haman the whole congregation cry out, "May his name be blotted out!" In some places the boys are allowed to clap their hands and pound with mallets, or with a loud noise rub together pieces of wood or stone on which the name *Haman* has been written. At the close of the reading the people shout again, "Cursed be Haman, blessed be Esther, cursed be all idolaters, blessed be all Israelites!" All then go home to a repast of milk and eggs. Next morning the Book of Esther is again read in the synagogue, with the same responses from the congregation. After the service the people give themselves over to merry-making. There are games of all sorts, with dancing and music, dramatic entertainments, and sumptuous feastings. The following day the rejoicings continue, and the people exchange gifts and make offerings to the poor very much as we do at Christmas-time. The whole feast is a strange mingling of solemn religious services and boisterous revels.

The present number of our paper contains besides the picture of Esther another reference to the times of King Ahasuerus. Who will find this out first? And who will send us the best brief account of the events and characters that are described in the Book of Esther?

Teachers' Department.

OUR QUESTION-BOX.

With whom lies the chief power to improve Sunday-schools?

This lady teacher questioner expects us to say, The ministers. No! we answer, the parents. They can kindly but decidedly enforce attendance; they can assist in preparing the lessons; they can deepen the respect in the community for the Sunday-school, and lift it to greater dignity.

Are the Western Sunday-School Society and the Boston Sunday-School Society harmonious?

This is from the West. Certainly. There exists a healthy co-operation, and a mutual striving to good works. Our brethren in the West have our hearty good-will.

Is there any substitute for the Sunday-school?

This comes from a "bewildered and discouraged" worker. We reply, Only home instruction. But that is out of the question in the majority of homes. Religious teaching, beyond rudimentary morals, is not feasible in our public school system. For the presentation of Christianity as a history, a belief, and a life, Sunday-schools are necessities.

I want an Easter Card containing something better than jingle rhymes; where can I get it?

The Sunday-School Society is preparing an excellent one, to be ready soon, which will include rhyme, reason, and religion.

Which is the superior tie between a Sunday-school teacher and her pupil, respect for her knowledge, or love of her?

Love.

Why is it that we hear of so many model schools at public meetings, and so rarely find them in reality?

A result of the law of unconscious idealization; oft seen in the estimate of children by their parents.

What can we do with young men in the Sunday-school?

This is a hard question to answer. Presupposing that the librarians' positions are all full, and that they will not go into the Bible Class, these young men must serve as teachers; failing in that, there seems no solution except in quite another direction. If the object be to keep them interested in the society, then join them to committees and enterprises of the parish; keep the Young People's Fraternity active; get them out to church. The fact must be met that at a certain age boys become young men, and a new set of surroundings must be provided. It is impossible to keep them in the school; attractive duties must be presented on the newly opened path of church life, and places made for them; there is then no break. It is difficult? Yes! but well worth the combined attention of minister and parishioners.

Is EVERY OTHER SUNDAY *succeeding?*

Beyond our expectations. But we can be made still happier by some more subscriptions.

Our schools are evidently appreciating the editor's devoted efforts to make the paper artistically and article-ally, every way attractive. The Question-Box can properly say this.

NOTES ON SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS ON THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

LESSON CALENDAR. — Third Quarterly. No. 21. Self-Love. No. 22. Self-Culture.

SPECIAL NOTE. — The Lessons of the Third Quarterly are all upon the duties that we owe to ourselves. It may be well for the teacher to explain the meaning of this phrase.

In our common speech we often say, I owe it to myself to do, or not to do, this or that act. In a general way it may be said that it is every man's duty (1) to maintain himself in the original perfection of his nature, that is, to let no power or faculty deteriorate; and (2) to perfect and advance his being, that is, to develop every power and faculty which belongs to him as a man. Or we may classify the self-regarding duties in this way: every man owes certain duties to himself, (1) in respect to his body, (2) as a moral being simply, (3) as his own judge, and (4) in respect to the end or purpose of his being.

Self-Love. It is obvious that the word self as used in such compounds as self-love, self-culture, self-sacrifice, has different meanings. We do not bid a friend be selfish when we say to him in familiar speech, Take care of yourself. Nor is it a selfish thing for a man to fit his "never-dying soul" for the higher life of heaven. On the other hand, we all know that what is generally required of us in the way of self-denial is not the sacrifice of the true self, but the yielding of something *by the giving up of which our true self is ennobled.* One writer calls self-love "the steward of the household of the soul, superintending the expenditure and seeing that Benevolence is prudential, in order that she may keep her place and continue to do her work."

Self-Culture. It is well at times to think of life as probation, just as the grammar-school boy knows that he is on probation for the high school. But it is far better to think of life always as *opportunity.* Then we shall recognize our duty to grow, as well as our duty to act.

The parable of the Talents is one of the most instructive of all the New Testament parables. It teaches the law of growth and the law of degeneracy. No other allegory is so true of human life. If we say that men reap what they sow, we use an illustration that is, to say the least, inadequate. In the natural world this law often fails. There were years of famine in Palestine and Egypt in the days of Jacob and Joseph, when the earth did *not* "yield her increase." In the human world, too, men sow their seed in fields where they hope to gather riches or place or renown, and reap no harvest. Riches take to themselves wings just as we are on the point of making them our own. Rank or position recedes like a mountain peak to a height we cannot attain; and even if the malice of envious tongues does not blight our growing fame, we may pay all the cost of glory and yet find that it is only a "fruitless crown" that at last is placed upon our head. "*We can make sure of nothing except the supreme ends of life.*" Our talents never fail to grow by use, and that use unfailingly accrues to our own lasting benefit.

An illustration of the great law of degeneracy, which the parable enforces, may be drawn from natural history. Among the queer-shaped crabs that we find along the seashore is one that began long ages ago with a full shell on his body, like the rest. But this crab got into the lazy habit of not growing one part of this shell. He found it easier to steal a house than to build one; and so he took the cast-off shells of other creatures, and got into them for protection. But as he stopped exercising that part of his body out of which a true shell would have grown for him, his lower limbs became soft, with only a thin membrane to cover them. As crab limbs they were as useless as if they had been taken from him. Though this hermit-crab lives a jolly life in other creatures' shells, he is a very poor sort of crab, and when you take him out of his stolen house he looks like a very woe-begone object.

An account of the hermit-crab is given in the Nature column of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY for October 25, 1885.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

THE Sunday-school of the Hollis Street Church in Boston, under its new superintendent, is entering upon a prosperous career, with increased numbers, zeal, and diligence.

The Unitarian Sunday-School Society has lately issued the *sixth thousand* of the First Quarterly of the Sunday-School Lessons on the Teachings of Jesus. The Third Quarterly (Lessons XXI.–XXX.) is just from the press.

Under the auspices of the Suffolk Conference of Unitarian Churches, a series of young people's Sunday evening meetings has been held in churches in Boston during the present month. They have been largely attended, and will result in awakening a stronger interest on the part of the young in the services and work of the Church.

At the February meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Union the question discussed was, "The advantage of having a General Teaching-Exercise as part of the work of the Sunday-school."

Our friends of the Congregational and Baptist Sunday-School Superintendents' Unions are having the pleasure and the benefit of weekly meetings of a Normal Class. Rev. A. E. Dunning is the instructor, and the class comprises one hundred and fifty members. Two parallel courses of study are pursued, — one course relating to the Bible, its land, history, translations, teachings, interpretation, etc.; the other course taking up methods of instruction and the management of the class and of the school.

A similar Normal Class for our Unitarian Sunday-schools is one of our "castles in Spain."

THE great in affliction bear a countenance more princely than they were wont; for it is the temper of the highest hearts, like the palm-tree, to strive most upward when it is most burdened.

Our Book Table.

NOTE. — *Books noticed in this column will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Send orders to* UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY, *7 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.*

CLASS B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

THE CHILDREN OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY. Studies in English History. By Rose G. Kingsley. With Illustrations. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company. pp. 297. Price, $1.00.

Readers who have a little knowledge of English history, giving them pegs on which to hang new information, will find this a delightful book. It is charmingly written, and fairly well illustrated. It will be found pleasant to read after Mrs. Humphrey's "Dean Stanley with the Children;" for nothing can be said of Westminster Abbey that does not seem to have connection with that good Dean.

UP HILL AND DOWN DALE. By Laura D. Nichols. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company. pp. 202. Price, $1.25.

A very pleasantly written book. The information given by the author on various subjects is put in such manner as to arrest the attention, and she may reasonably hope that the average reader will not pass it over. The *dramatis personæ* are in part the same as those in the two books, "Overhead" and "Underfoot," so they will be old friends to many readers. The illustrations are abundant and are better than the average of such pictures.

THE GOLDEN WEST, AS SEEN BY THE RIDGWAY CLUB. By Margaret Sidney. Fully Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company. pp. 388. Price, $1.75.

Young people about to start for the "Golden West" will find this a pleasant book to take with them; and if they have the inquiring minds given to some young Americans, they may even be able to add to the information obtained by the indefatigable "Ridgway Club." The book is printed in neat form, with clear type and many illustrations.

CLASS C.

Books for Teachers and Members of Adult Classes.

SERMONS, Preached in the First Church, Boston, by Rufus Ellis, D.D., late minister of the church. Boston: Cupples, Upham, and Company. pp. 354. Price, $1.00.

Whoever takes up this book will be apt to recur to it again and again, and will be pretty sure to read it through although it is *nothing but sermons.* But these sermons take hold! Here is the sword of the spirit wielded by a strong, gentle, skilful hand. They *are* sermons, — not essays or disquisitions, but choice specimens of plain, practical spiritual preaching; and "to be practical is not to be shallow" [p. 63]. Models are they of simplicity and directness; plain speaking and straightforwardness are their shining qualities. They have a message to deliver, and they do their holy errand without delay. They speak to the heart, and they strengthen, comfort, and soothe it.

Y.

FOR EASTER.

I. The Easter Services of 1884 and 1885, containing Responsive Readings, Prayers, Original Carols, Hymns, etc.

II. The Easter Service from the new Sunday-School Service Book and Hymnal, with additional music.

III. A new Sunday-School Concert Exercise for Easter, by Miss Kate L. Brown.

IV. A beautiful new Easter card, in triptych form, printed on tinted card-board, with illuminated initials, etc., containing choice selections in prose and poetry. Churches or Sunday-schools wishing a number of these cards for general distribution can have the name of the church or school printed on each.

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